

GALLIPOLIS JOURNAL.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
JAMES HARPER,
At \$1.50, invariably in advance
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GALLIPOLIS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1862.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOLDIER."—Your case is a hard one, but of frequent occurrence. Under existing circumstances it seems unavoidable. Bear patiently with it for a few months longer.

"TAX PAYER."—The expenses of the Quartermaster's Department at Gallipolis, may have reached during the month of May, \$30,000 per day. If so, it was caused by the great influx of mules and horses, which were landed here in that month. The ordinary expenses of the post we could not state, but probably not over \$20,000 monthly, including steamboats.

"HOSPITAL."—All matters you speak of will be under charge of the Surgeon, or Medical Director. As to salaries, we cannot inform you. Make early application in order to be successful.

"L. W."—The best time for setting out strawberries in this latitude, is the end of February or beginning of March. These set out in the fall are likely to freeze out during the winter. The writer you allude to, gives his instructions as applicable to the State of New York, where the plants are likely to be covered with snow in the winter, and the ground not in condition for spring planting until late of May.

"FERTILIZER."—Wishes to know the cause of blight on the apple and pear tree. Will some of our "Journal" readers please inform him. It is a matter of great importance, but not posted, but from the numerous instances we see of it, on the fruit trees about Gallipolis, believe it important to all cultivators of choice fruit.

"JESSE."—Certainly. A gentleman should always precede a lady in walking up stairs, if the stairway be not wide enough to pass up together. The same rule going down, would avoid the liability to tread upon the dress of the lady, which, in the present state of "extensiveness," is very likely to occur.

Amongst the numerous lies, either direct or by innuendo, contained in Vallandigham's Democratic address, and intended for home operation, is the assertion that our Federal debt amounts to one thousand millions of dollars.—Mr. Dawes has satisfactorily established it in Congress, that including the \$70,000,000 bequeathed to us as the deficiency of the Buchanan dynasty, the debt did not reach \$500,000,000, and that the expenses were less than one million, or about one half of what these politicians set forth. Besides, no account is taken of the many valuable prizes now being almost daily taken by our fleets, with from one half to one million each. But what else could be expected from men who at heart are secessionists.

The common phrase of "lying like the devil," will hereafter be changed to "lying like a secessionist." The devil's occupation in that line is gone. The child has become so thoroughly saturated with the spirit of lying, that the father need trouble himself no longer about that trait in his character, and it is not exclusively confined to the South. The Democratic address proves that the heaven exists in the North.

One of the "humbags" now being played off by the Breckinridge Democracy in Ohio, is their effort to exclude negroes from the State, and require those in to leave it. These great sticklers for Constitutional rights, when they can thereby make a thrust at the Administration, never for a moment consider the rights under our State Constitution, which this unfortunate class are entitled to. Nothing short of unconditional ostracism will serve the turn of these scurvy politicians. During the ensuing summer, we expect to see scores of petitions for this purpose, scattered over the State. Something must be done to save the Democracy from utter annihilation, and as the "nigger" has so long served it as "meat, drink and lodging," it must be made the stalking-horse of the Breckinridge wing in the present emergency.

We are not specially interested for the colored race, but the dogma that "they have no rights which a white man is bound to respect," has never met our approbation. The Democracy may "invent" some way to deprive them of their vested rights under our Constitution, and if no other can be devised, do it because "coffee has no business, and no right to be a nigger."

A man by name of Voorhees, member of Congress from Indiana, has created for himself a notoriety nearly equal to Vallandigham, by constant opposition to all measures calculated to repress rebellion. During the progress of the tax bill, he was loud in his denunciations of the tax and its consequences. It now turns out, that although residing in Terre Haute for six years, he has in that time paid no taxes, nor is there any item of the tax bill which will operate upon him, unless that imposed on his salary as a member of Congress. A glorious pair of "wags" are Voorhees and Vallandigham—very.

In looking over the ground now occupied by what is called the Democracy, under the guidance of Vallandigham, Voorhees & Co., we cannot but ask the question what would have been the course of that party under Jackson's Administration in 1832? Can any one doubt, that in case of such a rebellion, Jackson would have called into active exercise every power of the Constitution to crush it out, and where there was any deficiency, his own indomitable will would have taken the responsibility. The mild and gentle means at first adopted by Mr. Lincoln, and even yet practised by the Administration, would to Jackson have seemed mere child's play. Even when the nullification reared its rebellious front, he could scarcely be prevented from hanging Jno. C. Calhoun, not in South Carolina, but in Washington, and to his dying day regretted that he had not so done. How long would Cobb and Toombs spout their treason in the Senate, if old Hickory, instead of old Buck, had occupied the white house? When assailed for violating the Constitution, his reply was that "he had sworn to support it, and would execute it, according to his own construction of it." When he proclaimed martial law in New Orleans, and defied Judge Hall, when he removed the United States deposits, when he hung Arbutnot and Ambruster, he judged only of the imperative necessity, and acted accordingly. The people sustained him in every thing. When he enrolled and armed the negroes by thousands before the battle of New Orleans, he never stopped to inquire into the Constitutionality of it, but did it. From all this who can doubt that if Jackson were now in the place of Abraham Lincoln, he would hesitate to seize upon every means to bring this war to a close.

But alas for the great party to which he adhered. How many who yet style themselves Democrats, would be found to aid him in his great task? How he would recoil in disgust from such Democrats as Voorhees, Cox, Vallandigham, &c.? Their pitiful whinings about a violated Constitution, would only excite his contempt, and cause them to be seized as aiders and abettors of treason. Can any one doubt that if he believed slavery to be the cause of this war, he would hesitate to adopt every measure calculated to destroy it. But how changed is the course pursued by those who claim to hold his principles. The leaders in the rebellion were prominent men in the Democratic party. The States now forming the Southern Confederacy, for years have been considered overwhelmingly Democratic. Under the purely Democratic Administration of James Buchanan, the rebels inaugurated their bloody treason. Every man in the North, who sympathizes with them, is adherent to that party name at least. Yet we are gravely told that the patriotic efforts of Mr. Lincoln and his friends to restore the Union to its normal condition, are unconstitutional and must be thwarted by every means foul or fair, which party trickery can bring to bear, or the brains of mischievous politicians invent.

In the "Ostend Manifesto," gotten up by Buchanan, Mason and Soule, we find the following remarkable language in reference to the seizure of Cuba: "Self preservation is the first law of nature with States as well as individuals. All nations have at different periods acted on this maxim." Yet when Mr. Lincoln undertakes to carry out this principle, these same villains and their adherents are the first to cry out against him.

A rebel named A. A. Watkins, an escaped prisoner from Camp Douglas, near Chicago, was recognized by a passenger on the steamer Sallie List Sunday, and taken in charge by Company G, 60th Regiment, stationed here. He was sent to Wheeling. This Watkins was formerly a resident of Middleport, Meigs county, Ohio, where his parents now reside, and was on his way home when arrested. He has been in the South for the past three years, and held a situation in a commission house in New Orleans at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. Like many others, he enlisted in a Louisiana regiment with the promise made by his employer that his salary should continue during his absence in the field—in other words, he was hired to shoot down loyal citizens, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Shiloh, and sent to Camp Douglas, from which place he made his escape. He has all along stubbornly refused to take the oath of allegiance, and is now a brawling secessionist. It is probably well for his worthless carcass that he fell into the hands of Union soldiers, instead of the hands of murdered victims.

Secession sympathizers around Vevey, Ind., are being arrested.—There are more of the same class in other places who should be looked after.

Farmers, give your boys a small plot of ground to work on their own account, the profits of it to be theirs exclusively. It is not yet too late for corn, beans, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, &c. All of you can find upon your farms some spot, if only a quarter of an acre, which will likely lie idle this season. Give it to the boys. Besides teaching them how to cultivate these things, it will give them an idea of dealing or trading, which will be of great value to them as they arrive at that age when they must strike out on their own hook. The prospect of a few dollars which they can call their own, will greatly inspire them and vary that monotony which is too much the lot of farmer's boys. It will add to the general store of produce in the country, which, just at this crisis, is of the utmost importance. Before the winter sets in, the Mississippi river will be open, and a market for all such crops will at once spring up. Be advised in time to take advantage of it. Give the boys a chance, if it be only in the fence corners, by which, you at least will have the advantage of the weeds being destroyed.

The intense desire to obtain whisky manifested by the residents of Kanawha Valley, and the ingenious methods devised by dealers in that article to elude the stringent orders of the officers in command of our troops, has been a matter of surprise to us as well as a source of amusement. It would seem indeed, as if it was with many, the staff of life itself, as the elixir vita, without which, all other blessings were of no avail. But it turns out that this appetite is not peculiar to the Kanawha Valley. The progress of our armies show how completely the masses are given to it all over the State of Virginia. It is easy to see how they fell into the vortex of secession. Men whose bodies are thus thoroughly soaked with strychnine whisky, must necessarily have their mental faculties beclouded; be incapable of reasoning correctly on any question, and easily be persuaded to the commission of almost any crime. We annex copies of several orders found by our troops in a deserted store in Hanover county, Virginia, within 12 miles of the highly intelligent, refined and elegant city of Richmond. The books of this store showed charges for a single drink, 4 cents. A description of the store itself would be amusing. But look at the following, and imagine what kind of farmers reside near Richmond:

"MARCH 8, 1862.

"Mr. Brown you will please send me 1 gallon of whiskey.

Respectfully yours

"ELIJAH KELLEY."

"Mr. Brown & Pearly you will send me one lb of coffee & 100 of sugar & five lbs of six penny nails & a quart of corn whisky and much obliged.

"WM. B. GOODLY."

"March 12, 1862.

"Mr. Brown you will please send me half gallon of brandy.

Yours Respectfully

"ELIJAH KELLEY."

"JUNE 6, 1862.

"Mr. Brown you will please send me a half pound of candles and a quart of common whiskey and a half gallon of molasses. I have sent you 25 cents to pay for the candles and whiskey—the molasses you will please charge.

"MARGRET K. BIRATT."

"Mr. Pirsley and Brown will please send by the bearer six lbs of sugar 2 lbs of coffee 1 lb of candles 1 quart of best whiskey 1 pair of lines and one plug of tobacco.

"JAMES S. KELLEY."

"W. F. ROBINEAU."

"May the 27, 1862."

"Mr. Brown please send me for pounds of brown sugar 2 pounds of white 1 pound of crackers for which I will send you the money.

"You will please send 3 pounds of lard 2 yards of your best yellow cotton, 1 bottle of whiskey that you sell at 60 cents per gallon please send a bill I will settle in a course of a fortnight.

"JAMES S. KELLEY."

"Sept. 19, 1862."

At Corinth the rebels improved upon Manassas, by adding to the "quaker guns" veritable "stuffed paddies," or soldiers' clothes filled with cotton and placed in an upright position as sentinels or gunners. What remarkable skill and military science these tricks of the "skeddaddles" exhibit! Whilst the living decamp in search of the "last ditch" wherein to spill that blood they are so careful to save, the others will answer an admirable purpose to scare the d-d Yankees. Just so.

Mr. HENRY VENTER paid a visit to his old friends in this place a few days since, after an absence of six years in the far West and all along shore, and has concluded there is no place on this green sod to compare with Gallipolis. We admire his judgment, and his old friends who have not forgotten the tidiness which characterized his ice cream saloon in "Auld Lang Syne," stand ready to extend him a helping hand.

STEAMER IZETTA.—We call particular attention to the advertisement of the Steamer Izetta. This is one of the finest side-wheel boats in the Cincinnati and Marietta trade, and Capt. HAMSTRA is a whole-souled gentleman and experienced Steamboatman. His clerk is uncle Jox Ross, whom every body should know. We recommend this fine craft to the travelling public with the full assurance that no imposition or petty meanness will be practiced upon those who place themselves in charge of her gentlemanly officers. The Izetta passes down every Sunday morning, and on her return, leaves Gallipolis for Marietta every Friday morning.

BOSTON No. 2.—This fine Packet is making regular time between Cincinnati and Marietta, passing up every Monday morning, and down every Thursday. She is officered by experienced river men, and those who place themselves in the care of FRANK OAKS, the attentive and efficient clerk, whose genial countenance is ever wreathed with a smile, will never regret it. The Boston is a large side-wheel craft, swift runner, and affords superb accommodations. Those contemplating a visit to the Queen city can do better than to take this boat.

STRAWBERRIES.—There are some persons in this selfish world, who amid the numerous blessings they receive, always bear in mind the wants of the printer. Such persons are truly angels in disguise, and especially so when found among the gentle sex. We should be wanting in even ordinary politeness, did we fail to acknowledge our deep sense of gratitude to the fair donor, who placed a large basket of luscious strawberries upon our table last week. To merely say they were fine, is very far short of a fair description, and when we say they were beautiful and magnificent, we only give utterance to our sentiments in regard to both the donation, and the donor. If there is any thing we have a penchant for, it is strawberries. How Miss ANNA E. LAROLET came to discover it, we know not, or whether she presented them, knowing that printers were generally too poor to enjoy such luxuries, we care not. The berries have served to gratify our palate, and impress upon us the duty of thanking the giver (which we do most heartily) and furnish an item for the "Journal."

AND STILL THEY COME.—Our friend REUBEN GRAHAM of Green township has also placed us under obligations to himself and his good lady for a basket of delicious strawberries. They were certainly among the finest we have seen this season. Our thanks are hereby tendered them for the most acceptable gift. We had intended setting out a bed in our own garden this fall, but the numerous favors of our friends, seem to render it unnecessary. This is the more gratifying as we have ever had a peculiar aversion to garden tools, which probably our readers were aware of. We acknowledge that to our notion, raising strawberries out of a basket is much more in accordance with our feelings, than out of the ground. It has been proven to our satisfaction this season.

JEFF DAVIS' EARLY HISTORY.—A trifling little rebel paper in Kentucky professes to doubt the truth of our statement respecting the origin of Jeff Davis. What we stated is well known to hundreds of the best citizens of Christian and Todd counties, Kentucky. Jeff Davis' father lived for a number of years in a log cabin situated in what is now the town of Fairview, twelve miles from Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The house is now weatherboarded and used as a tavern. Old Davis was a man of bad character, a horse trader, a swindler, and of very low habits. A very fine horse was missing on one occasion in the neighborhood, under such suspicious circumstances that he found it safest to leave the county immediately and fly to Mississippi. Jeff Davis is his illegitimate son born some miles distant from his father's house, and taken home by him when several years of age. These are notorious facts.—Some of Jeff Davis' relatives still live in that part of Kentucky. We would never have alluded to this sinister bar on Jeff's escutcheon, were not his friends continually prating about Southern gentility and the low breeding of Union people. Our own opinion is that Jeff's birth does him more credit than any portion of his subsequent life.—Nashville Union.

From the Louisville Journal.

Beauregard calls himself a Christian. He prays. He sings psalms. Probably he expects to be saved. But why should a wholesale dealer in lies be in heaven when the father of them is in hell?

The Memphis papers of the 21st and 22d had long letters from Corinth. One of them states that Butler's "infernal order" has fired the army.—Cin. Gaz.

Yes the army was "fired." In other words it went off.

Army Correspondence.

[Correspondence of the Gallipolis Journal.]
MEADOW BLUFF, VA.,
June 23, 1862.

Mr. HARPER.—Sir:—Having a few leisure moments, and thinking perhaps some of your readers would be interested in a short detail of the movements of the 3d provisional brigade, and particularly of the 36th regiment O. V. I., I have seated myself for the purpose of informing them, as far as strict laws and my own ability will allow. At Summerville on the 10th of May, by a general order, we were formed into brigades consisting of the 36th, 44th and 47th Ohio regiments, Col. Geo. Crook, commanding. On the 11th another order was read, announcing that the Brigade would concentrate at Meadow Bluffs, and for the 36th to prepare immediately for a march in the direction of Lewisburg. We all welcomed the announcement with immense delight, for having remained there so long, we were glad to leave. On the morning of the 12th we started, and after crossing, or rather wading Gauley river, we began to march across the mountains. For two days we marched in single file over a path used by bushwhackers, and it was not until the third day that we came in sight of anything that betokened civilization.—We then came into the valley some twenty miles North of Lewisburg, where there is some beautiful farming lands. On the third night after we left Summerville, we camped in a nice little village called Frankford, where we heard that a detachment of the 44th and 47th regiments, with Major Hoffman's battery of cavalry, had taken possession of Lewisburg, after routing the rebel cavalry from that place. On the 16th of May we reached the boasted Lewisburg, the town which the rebel General Heth's command had boasted they would never give up to the accursed Yankees, but Heth and his command had gone. We rested at Lewisburg one night. Next morning the 36th and 44th started on a march across the Allegheny, to make a dash on the Virginia Central Railroad, and captured all the enemy's stores at Jackson depot. We passed the White Sulphur Springs and the town of Covington on our route, and on the second day reached the depot, where our commander, Col. Crook, seized the telegraph office, and found that the Provost Marshal of Allegheny county had telegraphed to the rebel General Jackson to send him several regiments of troops, and that he (Jackson) had promised to send them immediately. Col. Crook then burnt the bridge across Jackson river, and fell back to Lewisburg, bringing Capt. Spriggs and other important prisoners.

On the morning of the 23d, our brigade was awakened by the noise of drums and muskets, and the firing at the picket post on Greenbrier river indicating that there was work at hand.—Immediately company G, of the 36th, and company D, of the 44th, were sent forward to stop the progress of the rebels. Deceived by the fog, they mistook a body of rebels for our pickets, approached within close range, and it was not until they received a volley, that they discovered their mistake.

Capt. Palmer and Tulley immediately deployed their companies and commenced falling back, for the whole rebel force was upon them. When the rebels discovered this, they sent up a shout of triumph, but alas! for them, they knew not that two as gallant regiments as ever were formed were waiting patiently for the word "forward," to avenge the insults our flag had received. The rest of the brigade had now fallen into ranks, and were marching down through Main street to form between the rebels and the town, and then to advance on them. By this time they had chosen their position and had commenced shelling our camp, and with one piece they were trying to rake us as we marched through town; one shell burst before us, and another over our heads, and then before they had time to depress their piece, we had fired out of the street, the 44th on the right and the 36th on the left. We formed a line under cover of a hill, and then advanced, and from this I can tell you nothing of the movements of the 44th, for we were separated from each other by a row of dwelling houses, but I can say this much, they performed their part nobly, charging on the enemy's battery, and capturing four of their best pieces, and mowing the rebels down like wheat. When we gained the crest of the hill two regiments of rebels opened a galling fire upon us, (the 36th.) We then received the command, "forward, double quick," and away we went, driving them before us like chaff before the wind.—Once they rallied behind a fence, but we soon drove them from their positions. Then commenced their retreat, for by this time the 44th had driven them back from the right in confusion. They burnt the bridge across Greenbrier to cover their retreat, and we marched back to camp considerably elated over our victory; and why not? We had fought at least two to one, and they used artillery while we did not. Their force amounted to 3,000 infantry, 6 pieces of artillery, and 100 cavalry, while ours did not at the farthest amount to over 1,400 infantry. Our loss was 13 killed and 50 wounded, while they lost 40 of their dead and 60 wounded on the field. We also captured 300 muskets, four pieces of artillery, and 100 prisoners, among them one Lieutenant Colonel and one Major. Several of our wounded were fired on by the citizens, and one of them killed. The house from which the shot was fired, has been burnt, and could the perpetrator of the deed been caught, he would have been hung.

We remained in camp at Lewisburg for five days after the fight, when we were ordered to fall back to Meadow Bluffs.

SHOEMAKER,
Co. I, 36th Reg. O. V.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

THE FIGHT AT MEMPHIS.

The Confederate Troops, And Southern Braves, Who so long in Memphis have huddled, Swearing most loudly, Boasting quite proudly, And acting like savages fuddled,

Were treated one day To a grand display, Of a fight between gunboats and rams; When the d-d Yankees, who, Knocked the rebel "skeddaddles" Into "cocked hats," "pi," or "amashed clams."

Boats "Van Dorn" and "Price" Went down in a trice, "Gen. Bragg," "Jeff. Thompson" and "Lovell" All followed in haste, To their utter distance, By "Beauregard," "Sumpter" and "Rebel."

Grand names are all these, Exactly to please The traitors whom they wish to flatter, Elegant expressions, A'fraid bad ones, When we see how they all had to scatter.

One terrible blow From the "Monitor's" strong prow, And the doughty "Beauregard" goes under, The "Rebel" in a trice, Runs into "Gen. Price," With a crash like mighty thunder.

The "Price" waxing hot, Very soon sent a shot, Right "Amplified" into "General Lovell," When the "Queen of the West," To keep pace with the rest, Sent her "killing" on her way to the devil.

The fire of the Benton On the sides of "Jeff. Thompson," Drove him quickly to the shore in flames; Thus four out of seven, Are gone to "fishes heaven," Oh! what is the use of all great names.

The balance of the fleet, Very quickly retired, And down the river glided "skeddaddles," The officers and crews, Like badly frightened ewes, For the woods on the "Rackaback" shore paddled.

The "Sumpter" and "Bragg" At last drop their flag, And the "Little Rebel" yield as a prize, Making very bad jokes, For all the Memphis folks; Who only say of Yanks—"d-n their eyes."

Thus in one short hour, Do the Yanks show their power, And strip the great names of their lustre, The hosts all go under, By the fierce Union thunder, Nor live more to brag, blow and bluster.

The people in one voice Will gladly rejoice, When a like fate overtakes the leaders, Whose names we print, Without any stint, Merely to amuse our Journal readers.

RIP SAW.

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

TO THE MEMORY OF A "SOLDIER" FRIEND.

O, rapturous bliss!—the conflict o'er,— His life-work nobly done; A regal palm-branch in his hand,— The meed of victory won.

Thou leest and lo! dear angel friend! We lift our tearful eyes Beyond the lurid clouds of earth, To thine effulgent sky.

The earth has lost its sweetest charm, The heavens their brilliant hue, And where bright flowers thickly bloom'd, Now waves the mournful yew.

His winning voice fell on the ear With mild, persuasive power; And underneath his gentle step, Sprang many a fragrant flower.

But the cherished memory of the lost, Shall ne'er from us depart, Through all life's changes it will breathe Rich fragrance o'er my heart.

O, may this hallowed memory serve To win us to the right; To raise us from this clouded sphere, To sweet, celestial light!

ROMIE H. ROBERTS.

GREAT BEND, O., June 3, 1862.

GEN. FREMONT'S MARCH.—The march of Fremont from Franklin to Strasburg and beyond is a most incredible one, and one that will never be appreciated by those who have not seen an army of twenty or twenty-five thousand men on the move. He made over a hundred miles in less than a week and that, too, with the most limited transportation that was probably ever assigned to a command of the same size. The moving of an army is not the moving of so many men. It includes the moving or rather dragging of immense pieces of artillery with all their heavy wheeled accoutrements, frequently requiring fifteen or twenty mules to perceptibly move the wheels through mountain gorges and deep cuts, mud-holes and ravines.—But even this is a small part of the moving. Subsistence has got to be not only provided but transported, and this again includes forage for all the trains of mules and horses, companies of cavalry, &c. Ambulances with their sick and wounded have got to be moved.—Thousands of barrels of flour, meat, and all sorts of commissary stores have got to be moved also. In a word all the endless paraphernalia of tents, baggage and stores of every description belonging to an army have to be moved and kept along within the protection of the troops.

Gen. Fremont had to make his march over half a dozen ranges and spurs of mountains. He had to cross all the various intersections and combinations of the Shenandoah, with all their mountain streams. Yet he came to time. He was bound to come to time when he left Franklin, if it was in the limits of human endurance to do so. He, himself, led the advance from the start, and with his maps and his guides piloted the way. His march was almost a second crossing of the Alps, and a great deal faster time in proportion to the facilities at hand, was made by him than was made by Napoleon.

Such marching is not the way, of course, to move troops as a rule. It is killing on them, and soon uses up an army. But the march shows that when an exigency is at hand, in which the Government requires celerity above any other consideration, Gen. Fremont is eminently fitted for the occasion.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Rev. JOHN ROWS will preach at the Court house next Sabbath at 10 A. M., and 3 P. M.

LETTER FROM CHARLESTOWN, VA.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.,
TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 4th, 1862.
Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

STONE'S RAPID MARCH.—The troops ordered forward yesterday consisted of two brigades. The first under Brig.-Gen. Cooper, and the second under Gen. Slough—the man who marched the celebrated Colorado Regiment eight hundred miles into New Mexico, and turned the tide of affairs in that territory, after Col. Canby had lost a battle, and was shut up without resources in a fort.

To-day, at three P. M., Sigel was within five miles of Winchester. His troops were evidently pleased with their new commander, from the go-aheadiveness shown by him, and into them he had infused his own energy.—He is, to-night, in Winchester.

NEWS FROM WINCHESTER.

A citizen of Winchester, well known as a Union man, who had business at this point, came in this afternoon, and reports that before he left Winchester Fremont's and McDowell's troops were pouring into the place by thousands.—He said they seemed to come from every point of the compass.

The secessionists, of whom there are so many there, and who were elated at Jackson's re-appearance in the valley of Virginia, were terror-stricken. The wildest confusion prevailed. On all hands they attempted to fly, but upon every hand they were met by our advancing columns and driven back.—The officers may be able to restrain the men, but it is useless to deny that among the men who compose General Sigel's and Gen. Banks' division, there is a wide, deep-seated spirit of vengeance, which will, if let loose, totally blot the town from existence. Shields' men, it is said, are disposed in the same way, as many of their sick and wounded were brutally murdered. The only column, then, which has no revengeful feeling to indulge, is Fremont's.

JACKSON'S WHEREABOUTS.

Great confusion of ideas prevail at this point as to where Jackson is. Fremont's offering him battle, and his declension of the challenge, the mere skirmish between Fremont's advance and his rear, seemed to afford no clue to Jackson's line of retreat. It seems evident that he has escaped the concentration of forces brought to bear upon him from almost every point of the compass. Is it not possible that he may have returned by the Northwest, one of the only two routes which lay open to him for escape. I mean toward Romney and Cumberland! His movements toward Harper's Ferry was intended to prevent any further re-enforcements being sent to McClellan at Richmond. He has a predatory expedition corps which moves rapidly.

JACKSON'S HOST.

The Union men here say the Rebels have said more than once to them that Jackson, upon his last retreat, said, "They should be of good cheer. He had kept his former promise, that he would return, and he meant to keep this. The flag of the Union should never permanently float over the Valley while he lived."

A RAILROAD RECONNOISSANCE.

A train, containing a guard of soldiers to protect it, arrived here late this evening feeling its way slowly up the Potomac and Winchester Railroad. It is determined to push the reconnaissance farther toward Winchester.

I will accompany the train, as the easiest mode of locomotion up the valley, as far as it goes toward Winchester, and depend upon good luck for my transportation for the balance of the way. There is no break in the railroad, so far as people here know, this side of Berryville. By getting to Berryville, I will be within ten miles of the modern Golgotha, Winchester.

I can then borrow a Scotch steed for the balance of the way, if necessary, and I cannot see why they cannot serve their country by serving the "Press," for doubtless they will be pressed if obtained at all.

CHARLESTOWN.

There exists no longer the bright and cheerful aspect of things which prevailed in this little town, eleven months ago, when Patterson's army visited it. Then every thing wore an air of antiquarianism, mingled with modern improvements and gaiety. Beautiful gardens, "rich with the fragrance of rose and the perfume of violets," surrounded you on all sides; no prettier interior village existed in this valley. Wealth, intelligence, refinement, intermingled with that *hauteur* which ever characterized the Virginian whose lineage is undoubted, and whose blood is the *azul sang*, were the characteristics of its people.

Whilst Patterson's army lay there, they barely forbore from insulting our soldiers. The contemptuous sneer, the curled lip, the vibrating nostril, showed their opinion of the Northern horde; yet they condescended to receive the money of that army when they had anything to sell. They came down from their loved pedestal of family and ancestry, and became hucksters for United States gold. They will do so again, if opportunity offers.

They are deeply chagrined at the last running of their favorite, Jackson. They had no idea that he would have to "skeddaddle" within three days after his return. Such is the fate of war.—I am sure I shall be able to write you from Winchester in my next. This will be sent by the Provost Marshal of this place, to be mailed at Harper's Ferry.

The correspondence of a Philadelphia paper gives currency to the important statement that the Monitor and several other gunboats have run the rebel batteries on James river, and are now close upon Richmond.